Such harmony is in immortall ſoules,
But whilſt this muddy veſture of decay
Doth groſſely cloſe in it, we cannot heare it.
Come hoe, and wake *Diana* with him a hymne,
With ſweeteſt touches pierce your miſtris eare,
And draw her home with Muſicke.

Muſicke playes.

Ieſ. I am neuer merry, when *I* heare ſweete Muſick.

Lor. The reaſon is, your ſpirits are attentiue:
For, do but note a wilde and wanton heard,
Or race of youthfull and vnhandled Colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing lowd,
Which is the hot condition of their blood,
If they perchance but heare a Trumpet ſound,
Or any aire of muſicke touch their eares,
You ſhall perceiue them make a mutuall ſtand,
Their ſauage eies turn'd to a modeſt gaze,
By the ſweete power of muſicke. Therefore the Poet
Did faine that Orpheus drew trees, ſtones, and floods.
Since nought ſo ſtockiſh hard and full of rage,
But muſicke for the time doth change his nature:
The man that hath no muſicke in himſelfe,
Nor is not moou'd with concord of ſweete ſounds,
Is fit for treaſons, ſtratagems, and ſpoyles,
The motions of his ſpirit are dull as night,
and his affections darke as *Erebus*:
Let no ſuch man be truſted. Marke the Muſicke.

Enter Nerriſſa and Portia.

Por. That light we ſee is burning in my hall:
How farre that little candle throwes his beames,
So ſhines a good deede in a naughty world.

Ner. When the Moone ſhone we did not ſee the candle.

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the leſſe.
A ſubſtitute ſhines brightly as a King,

Vntill

Vntill a King be by, and ther
Empties it ſelfe, as doth an in
Into the maine of waters: M

Ner. It is your muſicke M

Por. Nothing is good I ſe
Methinkes it ſounds much ſ

Ner. Silence beſtowes tha

Por. The Crow doth ſing
When neither is attended:
The Nightingale if ſhe ſhou
When euery Gooſe is cackli
No better a Muſitian then th
How many things by ſeaſon
To their right praiſe, and tru
Peace, how the Moone ſleep
And would not be awak'd.

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiu'd of P

Por. He knowes me as th
The Cucko, by the bad voy

Lor. Deere Lady, welcon

Por. We haue bin prayin
Which ſpeed we hope the be
Are they return'd?

Loren. Madam, they are n
But there is come a Meſſeng
To ſignifie their comming.

Por. Go in *Nerriſſa*,
Giue order to my ſeruants, t
No note at all of our being a
Nor you *Lorenzo*, *Ieſſica* nor

Lor. Your husband is at h
We are no tell-tales Madam

Por. This night me thinke
It lookes a little paler, tis a d
Such as the day is when the

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